

A SONG OF FATHERLAND.

I've wandered in the world and west,
In search of the great unknown,
Of a new land, I've known the best,
Take the far travel long in Homer.
But, oh, for the land that bore me!
Oh, for the stout old land
Of my fatherland, my own dear land,
And roaring flood and sounding strand.
I've stood where stands in pillared pride
The shrine of Jove's proud shaking daughter,
And found a temple where the gods abide,
Of true Greek gods with heads of slaughter.
I've stood upon the rocky crest
Where Jove's proud eagle spreads his pinion,
Where lodged the gods for east, far west,
And all he saw was Rome's dominion.
I've seen the domes of Moscow far,
In green and golden glory gleaming,
And stood where sleeps the mighty czar,
By Neva's flood so grandly streaming.
I've stood on many a famous spot
Where blood of heroes flowed like rivers,
Where Deutschland roared at Gravelotte,
And dashed the strength of Gaul to shivers.
I've felt my eyes by land and sea,
With sights of grandeur streaming o'er me
But still my heart remains with thee,
Dear Scotland, land that stoutly bore me.
Oh, for the land that bore me!
Oh, for the stout old land,
With mighty loch and winding glen,
Sout' Scottish land, my own dear land!
—John Stuart Blackie

A DIALOGUE.

"This is not a 'problem story.'"
Neither does it discuss the advantages
or disadvantages of having "new women"
in our midst.
It is a true tale.
And it concerns a good man and a
bad woman.
They would never have met if the
London county council had come into
existence a few years later than it did,
because the lady was at the Empire.
The exact date was Aug. 25, and it was a
very hot night.
The curtain had fallen on the last
scene of the ballet. The man rose from
his seat and walked across the prome-
nade toward the bar.
He passed several women, but he did
not pass her. He had no intention of
stopping, still less of speaking.
Yet, when he saw her, he stopped,
and when she stopped he spoke.
I do not remember what he said.
They sat down together at a little
table. A waiter brought them a cup of
black coffee and a whisky and soda.
He drank the coffee.
They talked, but again I cannot re-
member what they said.
A man on the stage sang a comic
song. A woman on the promenade faint-
ed and was carried away.
Then she said, "Well, are you com-
ing?"
"No," he replied. "I don't know
why I stopped or why I spoke to you.
I am not 'one of the crowd' here. I am
not a performer in the 'Comedy of
Life.' I am only an onlooker."
She stared at him. "Then why?"
"I have told you I do not know.
Perhaps I thought you looked out of
place here."
"I have been here every evening for
13 months. I ought not to look 'out of
place' here."
"Why not?"
"Do you expect me to answer that
question in this building, surrounded
by these people?"
"I am sorry. Of course not. It would
resound in performance by 'The In-
dependent Theater Society,' I suppose?"
"I had better go, then, if you do
not."
"Not stay and talk. Are you happy?"
"Hardly."
"Are you miserable?"
"I am not sure."
"Did you ever love anything?"
"Yes."
"What?"
"Life—the trees and fields; the wild
moorlands; the sea; the birds that
sing in the hedgerows; the cattle in
the fields; the horses and dogs at the
farms. Yes, I loved life. I loved to feel
the wind blowing in my face; I loved
to smell the scent of the heather; I loved
to hear the song of the mountain
streams. Ha, ha! I'm almost poetical
I'm!"
"Oh!"
"That is all. Did you ever love any-
thing?"
"Yes."
"Who?"
"No one—I mean only a dog."
"Oh!"
"But he is dead."
"Of course."
"Why 'of course'?"
"Because you loved him."
The man lit a cigarette. "Do you be-
lieve in heaven?"
"No; if I did, I should have been
dead long ago. I am afraid to die be-
cause I don't know what comes after
death. I so long for peace—for
something else—something beautiful—
something to love. Do not laugh."
"You are not a bad woman."
"Yes, I am."
"Then you ought not to have been
one."
"True, that is the cruel part of it."
They watched the men and women
promenading before them. Then the
woman said, "It is a strange world."
The man did not answer. He was
thinking. She continued: "You are a
strange person. Where do you live?"
"What do you do? How do you amuse
yourself?"
"Oh, I live alone, quite alone, now
my dog is dead. I watch people. I listen
to what they say, and—I think."
"What do you think?"
"I think that when he—whoever he
is—created men and women he ought to
have made them altogether gods or al-
together animals. No one in the world
is happy, because no one is ever certain
whether he—or she—should live for the
'real' or for the 'ideal.' And therefore
men decided to seek for both, to be
sometimes good and sometimes bad, to
play at being gods once a week and
beasts twice a week—in fact, to live for
the 'real' 6 1/2 days out of the 7. And
some of us, you know, cannot, as the say-
ing goes, 'do things by halves.' We
must be wholly one thing or the other.
There is only the 'good' or 'bad.' There

is no 'mediocre' for some of us. So we
have the choice to take, and when fate
has chosen for us, we must take it and
either crown us with the laurel wreath
or paint us with colors from the devil's
palette. The world is so blind it cannot
see that really we had no choice in the
matter. I think sometimes fate makes
a mistake. She grows weary sometimes
and gives the 'good' where she ought to
have given the 'bad.'"
"She made a mistake when she chose
for me. Say she made a mistake—
please."
"She made a mistake. I knew it the
moment I saw your face. You were in-
tended to show men the path to heaven."
"And I have only shown them the
road to—"
"Hush. Come with me. Come home
with me and rest. I live alone. I have
never done any good in the world. I
have never loved any one or helped any
one. I am 'a good man.' It is not my
fault. I was meant for 'a bad'! But as
fate made a mistake you can trust me.
I will try to help you. I will try to
make life beautiful for you. I will take
you where the sea murmurs among the
rocks, where the wind blows the scent
of heather across the great wild moors."
The woman rose and gazed at the man
with large, dreamy eyes. "What do
you mean?"
"I am going to make life beautiful
and peaceful and pure—for you."
"Leave off dreaming," she whispered
sharply. "Awake! Do you know
where you are? Do you see the sort of
people who surround us? This is no
place for dreams! It is time to go—good
night. See here—you have spoken
strangely to me—you cannot understand
what it means for a woman—like me—to
hear a man—like you—speak as you
have spoken. My God! Why didn't I
meet you before?"
He laughed. "Because fate made a
mistake."
"Listen! You are a good man. Per-
haps you won't be one always—never
mind the music—listen! When I'm
dead, tell the world what you have told
me. Yes, I know—it's nothing. That
may be so, but tell them what happen-
ed tonight and what I said. You are a
good man, and you will do some good
in the world, because good men are rare.
Do as I've said, and you'll help us wo-
men. Goodbye. You don't know what
you've done for me tonight, what I feel
—goodbye! When I'm dead—don't for-
get. Oh, I am a fool to—"
The orchestra was playing "God Save
the Queen," and the woman disap-
peared into the crowd. The man watched
the electric lights go out. He lit a cig-
arette. Then some one told him it was
time to leave the building. He ran out
quickly into the street and searched for
her, but she could not be found.
And all this happened some time ago,
as I have said, and it is all quite true.
And the man has not forgotten his
promise.—Fall Mail Budget.

Phosphorescent Light.
Some experiments have been made in
France to determine the specific action
of a considerable lowering of tempera-
ture upon the brilliancy of certain
bodies which shine in the dark after
having been exposed to sunlight. Tubes
of glass filled with the powdered sul-
phides of calcium, barium, strontium,
etc., all substances possessing the prop-
erty of phosphorescence in a high degree,
were exposed to the solar rays and after-
ward placed in a dark chamber, the tem-
perature in such a way as to fix
upon the memory the mean value of the
progressive diminution of the emitted
light, and the time also was noted dur-
ing which the light was strong, less
strong and weak respectively. The tubes
were next placed in bright sunlight for
one minute and then suddenly intro-
duced into a double walled glass cylin-
der, the interspace of which was filled
with nitrous oxide at 140 degrees C. In
about five or six minutes the tempera-
ture of the tubes was some 100 degrees.
They were then withdrawn, and when
observed in a perfectly dark chamber no
luminosity whatever was perceptible.
As the tubes recovered their normal tem-
perature, however, the phosphorescence
returned without the exciting agency
of the sun's rays or of diffused light.
These results were proved to be general
for all phosphorescent substances em-
ployed. The experiments showed, too,
that the production of the phosphores-
cent light requires a certain movement
of the constituent molecules of bodies.

Man.
Bearing in mind that, as far as gen-
eral configuration goes, the ground plans
of the present continent have been about
the same, only an occasional bit of land
having been topped off, as in England,
the question arises, Is man an animal
of the old world or of the new? If we
descend from some anthropoidal ape,
then that Asiatic or African monkey
must have had a fair hand, and, above
all else, a working thumb. Baboons run
on all fours, but the gibbons, who are
arboreal and live on fruits, have nicely
developed thumbs and can pick a nut
and shell it neatly. An American mon-
key has not these exact capabilities. He
does not depend on his hands to cling
to a branch. He uses a fifth limb, which
is his prehensile tail. The true gibbon
is not, however, utterly a nut or fruit
eater. If confined to that diet alone, a
strictly vegetarian one, he pines. He
likes eggs and devours small insects.
Vary his diet in a menagerie, making
him slightly omnivorous, and his con-
dition improves. If not, then, for these
arboreal ancestors, who had hands, we
might never have been. We may then
trace our origin from the old rather than
from the new one, but we really know
but little about the particulars.—New
York Times.

Emperor Fo-hi.

The Emperor Fo-hi, the first of his
line, is said to have been so civil that he
always spoke, even of himself, with pro-
found respect, and when the Chinese
habit of self-depreciation is remembered
this degree of civility will be better
appreciated.

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and has recovered complete use of
her arm. Her appetite is splendid."
—Mrs. E. K. Bullock, Brighton, N. Y.

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